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work is in all respects entitled to the highest praise. Its typography is rich and beautiful, and, so far as we have examined, we have found it executed with great accuracy. The illustrations of Flaxman, with which it is adorned, are the production of an artist of uncommon taste and genius, who had spent years in studying the monuments of antiquity, and was animated with the spirit of its best days. They have been welcomed in every country, where Homer continues to be read, with an enthusiasm, which shows that he had caught and reproduced the fervid spirit, alike of the ancient artist and the bard; for painting, like poetry, was only a different development of the same idea of the grand and beautiful. We have no hesitation in saying, that this edition of the *Iliad* is as creditable to the American press, as it is to the taste and learning of its editor. In connexion with the other editions of the classics which have been already published, or are about to appear, it will be received with satisfaction, by the lovers of sound learning, as indicating the commencement of a new era in the classical literature of our country.

ART. IV.—*Old English Romances.*

A Collection of Early Prose Romances. Edited by WILLIAM J. THOMS. 3 Vols. London. 1828.

ONE of the most interesting and instructive walks of literature lies among the graves of the departed,—for the thoughts of man have their graves like man himself, and the reverend monitor, Time, for them likewise tolls the passing bell, and performs the sad obsequies. A vast library is a vast cemetery of mind, where, in a certain sense, lie buried the ideas of those, who have gone before us. Each dusty tome is a neglected monument, whose epitaph is written in the title-page, and whose date not unfrequently records at once the birth and the death of its tenant. There the poet and the philosopher literally mingle their dust together, and the musty apostle of an obsolete creed lies side by side with the prurient ballad-singer. The learned prelate is a prey to the worm, and the wanton tale-bearer lisps his amorous conceits to the dull ear of oblivion. One might almost think, that they had implored eternal peace, and that their prayer had been answered; for no one disturbs their repose, save now and then some Old Mortality,

who comes to meditate among the tombs, and to wipe away the mildew and gossamer, which cover the inscriptions.

Such, at least, has been the case till within a few years past. But the grave-yard is no longer a solitary spot. *Siste Viator!* and the passing footstep pauses. Nay,—the grave itself is no longer inviolate. Time is again busy with his spade. The old martyrs are dug up;—‘you have now dark mould, now a thigh-bone, now a skull;’ and these mouldering remains are exhibited to the crowd as holy relics, whose sight and touch are to cure the deep-seated disease, which corrupts the public taste. To this we most devoutly say, amen! We believe that this is the surest way of changing that morbid habit of the mind, into which the present age has fallen, and of restoring a healthy and vigorous action.*

To speak without figure, we consider the republication of the best works of the standard old English prose writers as an enterprise of the most laudable kind. Such writers as Brown, and Taylor, and Felltham, and some others of the same school, cannot be too often, nor too studiously read. Communion with such minds as theirs is not only delightful, but invigorating to our own. Their works, or at least some favorite portions of them, should lie upon the table of every young scholar; so that when he shuts in weariness the hand-book of his daily studies, or lays down his pen, too long obedient to the over-labored mind, these eloquent men may meet him with a voice of pleasing and thoughtful conversation.

In these old writers, he will find rare models of that direct and forcible style, which has its origin in direct and forcible thinking. They speak from the fulness of their intellect. Their ideas are marshalled forth in close phalanx, and move forward shoulder to shoulder through the page; whilst our modern plunderers, who enrich themselves with the thoughts of other minds, drag along their stolen ideas, as Cacus did of old the cattle of Hercules.

The three volumes of Old English Prose Romances, which

* We take this opportunity of presenting our most cordial thanks to the Rev. Mr. Young, for the good service he has done our little republic of letters by the publication of ‘The Library of Old English Prose Writers,’ eight volumes of which have already appeared, and which we most sincerely hope is not to stop here. No library should be without this work, unless it possess the voluminous originals from which it is drawn.

lie before us, are, however, in a different vein. They do not quicken, and elevate, and instruct us by their wisdom, but they amuse us by their quaintness and simplicity, and enable us to compare the romance which delights us at the present day, with that, which flattered the popular taste some three centuries ago. Trivial as these writings are, in themselves considered, they are important documents, when taken in connexion with the history of the human mind. This is one of the many forms, in which the intellectual powers have exhibited themselves; and consequently such exhibitions of those powers should not be neglected by him, who would study the mind of man in all its phases.

‘It is infinitely more important for us,’ says the poet and historian Schiller, ‘to know a man’s thoughts, than his actions; nay, it is of vastly greater importance to trace out the sources of his thoughts, than the consequences of his actions. Men have penetrated into the crater of Vesuvius, in order to investigate the causes of its fires; and why should they be less assiduous in the investigation of moral, than of physical phenomena? Why should they not examine, with equal care, the variety and power of those circumstances by which a man is surrounded, till the accumulated materials burst forth into a flame within him?’ Upon this text a volume might be written. How often do the trivial incidents of yesterday, become the serious business of to-day? How often do the fleeting day-dreams of youth become the fixed purposes of manhood? If we trace back to its fountain the mighty torrent, which fertilizes the land with its abundant stream, or sweeps it with a desolating flood, we shall find it dripping from the crevice of a rock, in the distant solitudes of the forest: so, too, the gentle feelings, that enrich and beautify the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul, and desolate society, may have sprung up in the shadowy recesses of the past, from a nursery song or a fireside tale. The child is not only ‘father to the man,’ but his schoolmaster also; and the lessons he teaches are often those we remember longest. ‘I should have been an atheist,’ said an eminent statesman, ‘if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time, when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, Our Father, which art in Heaven.’ The good principle took root in the heart of the little child, and although the tree, that grew

therefrom was swayed about and groaned in the storm of strong passions, yet it was not uprooted. So, too, the wonderful tales told to us in childhood haunt our imaginations even to the grave ; and many feelings, and passions, and principles of action, for whose origin we look in vain among the more recent and immediate circumstances of our education, might doubtless be traced back to some tale of the times of old, some faintly remembered tradition of the chimney-corner. The story of Old Father Redcap, coming down chimney at night, has made many a poor child so faint-hearted, that neither the jeers of his school-fellows, nor the lapse of time, nor the power of reflection, nor the lessons of reason and experience, could ever again render him courageous in the dark ; while, on the other hand, many a future hero has caught the first spark of valiant enterprise from the tales he has listened to, of the wonderful exploits of Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant-killer ; and many a truant sailor-boy, as he rocks in the cradle of the sea, can date his earliest longing for an adventurous life, to the moment, when he first heard, in the ardor of childish curiosity, the life and adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

If this be true in reference to individuals, it is true also, to a certain extent, when applied to communities. The wild and marvellous romances of the middle ages were the nursery tales told to society in its childhood. In the ghostly legends of Saints it lisped its ‘ now-I-lay me ; ’ the amorous ditties of the Troubadours were an evening lullaby ; and the romances of chivalry were the manuals and picture-books of its school-boy days. The first exercised upon the minds of superstitious nations a salutary influence, which has not yet ceased to be felt ; the second were of great use in smoothing the grim visage of the past, and in softening the feelings of society ; and the power of the last still exhibits itself in the character of more than one people, too nearly allied to the faithless Galaor, of whom it is recorded, ‘ *qu’il ne valoit rien pour filer le parfait amour.* ’

From considerations of this kind, the most trivial tale, that exhibits the traits of national character, or saves from oblivion a chapter of traditionary lore, is not without its value to the philosopher and the historian. It is the source of a thousand impulses and impressions, which have gone abroad in society, and which may so influence the minds of men, that the idle tradition shall work the overthrow of states. It matters not, whether the tale be true or false,—whether its hero have had

a real, or only an imaginary existence. The result will be the same; for in the language of the author of that strange book, *Hermippus Redivivus*, 'There is less difference than most people imagine, between real and feigned stories. They differ but as morning and evening shadows; the one is the faint picture of what has passed,—the other is a lively representation of what may possibly come.' It is enough, that the tale itself is told, that it finds idle lips to repeat it, and curious ears to listen to it, and an empty chamber in the brain, where it may brood in secret and nurse unquiet fancies.

And apart from these considerations, what a wonderful region is the land of old romance! With what a strange feeling do we hang over the dizzy steep of six centuries, and gaze on the pomp of chivalry below,—the tournament and tented field, the lady fair and little page, the wandering knight and the forlorn damsel, and all the race of giants, dwarfs, and fiery dragons, that seem created only to thwart the amorous purposes of true love! The knight, who stands yonder by the sea-side, divested of his armor, and singing a love-lorn ditty to the sound of a lute, is *Amadis de Gaul*, lamenting the cruelty of the fair *Oriane*; and the beardless youth in yonder castle hall, beset by six armed knights at once, is *Daolin de Mayance*. While we are speaking, he has slain two of them, and thrown the other four out of the window! Yonder, too, goes *Tristan de Léonois*, stark mad for a faithless mistress, venting his fury upon shepherds and their flocks, tearing up huge trees by the roots, and bumping the heads of bears against the cliffs around him! *Huon de Bordeaux* is fighting with the giant *Angoulafre*, while the fair *Esclamonde* sighs in captivity, and *Oberon*, the king of Fairy Land, attended by his goblin knights *Gloriand* and *Malembrum*, is wringing his hands and crying like a child! Fie on the ladies of Cornwall! The enchanted goblet they hold in their hands is a test of their fidelity to their lords; and there is not one, who has not spilled the wine upon her garments! What next? The brave knights of *Bruty Brenhined* have just pitched a giant six cubits high into the sea; and good king *Arthur* has rid the world of another, whose garments are made of the beards of kings, slain by his own hand! There is a tilt for lady-love, and a tournament for the prize of valor. There is a dragon, that has just disgorged his last flame; a maiden, spell-bound in a marble hall; and a foolish knight, following a *Will-with-a-wisp* in the

shape of a lady's stomacher, till he is lost in an enchanted forest. And hark ! that piercing blast was the dying breath of Roland, breathed through his ivory horn, and' echoing far and wide from the fated pass of Roncesvalles !

But the picture has also its dark side. The morality of the old romance is not of a very austere nature ; nay, it is very lewdness itself. It is true, the courtesy, and valor, and pure honor of the true knight are estimable virtues ; but surely that is a very loose system of morality, which suffers the heart to lie corrupting and corrupted under the luxuriant growth of a few noble and generous qualities. Hear what the schoolmaster saith ; ' In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a stagnant poole, covered and overflowed all Englande, fewe bookes were read in our tongue, savyng certaine bookes of chevalrie, as they said for pastyme and pleasure ; which as some say were made in monasteries by idle monks or wanton chanons. As for example, *La Morte d'Arthur*, the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two speciall poyntes, in open manslaughter, and bold bawdrye ; in which booke they are counted the noblest Knights, who do kill most men without any quarrel, and commit fowlest adulteries by sutlest shifts. This is goode stuffe for wise men to laughe at, or honest men to take pleasure at ; yet I know, when God's Bible was banished the court, and *La Morte d'Arthur* received into the Prince's chamber.* This extract goes to prove, also, the great popularity of the old romances, which was the next point on which we intended to touch. The love of romantic fiction seems to be the only intellectual appetite, which undergoes no change with the lapse of time. The nation, in which that feeling exists not, has no history, and no tradition speaks of the time nor of the country, in which it has not been found. ' Many now adayes,' says an English writer of the sixteenth century, ' had rather reade the stories of Kinge Arthur ; the monstrous fables of Gargantua ; the Pallace of Pleasure ; the Dial of Princes, where there is much good matter ; the Monke of Burie, full of good stories ; Pierce Ploweman ; the tales of Chaucer, where there is excellent wit, great reading and good decorum observed ; the life of Marcus Aurelius, where there are many good moral precepts ; the familiar and golden Epistles of Antonie Gwevarra, where there is both golden witt, and good pen-

* Roger Ascham's Works. p. 254.

ning : the Pilgrimage of Princes, well penned and clerckly handled ; Reinard the Fox ; Bevis of Hampton ; the hundred mery tales ; Skoggan Fortunatus : with many other infortunate treatises and amorous toies, wrytten in Englishe, Latine, Frenche, Italian, Spanishe.* These tales seem to have held the same place in that century, which the Waverley Novels hold in the present. The romances of chivalry were to our forefathers, what the historical romances are to us : and marvellous achievements, nay, utter impossibilities were to their lively imagination, what well authenticated facts are to our sober reason.

If the love of truth be a principle of our nature, to what other principle shall we attribute the love of fiction ? It would seem, at first sight, that two antagonist principles had been implanted in our bosoms. The paradox, however, is merely apparent, and nowise real. Men do not love truth less, in seeming to love fiction more. They love truth because it *is* truth ; and they love fiction, not because it is fiction, but because it resembles truth. Now truth,—we speak of things finite and not infinite,—is limited to realities, to what has been, and what is ; but, as in ‘ holding large discourse,’ the human mind ‘ looks before and after,’ fiction has no limits but those of the imagination. Hence for one fact, which is presented to the mind, there are a thousand possibilities ; for one circumstance absolutely true, a thousand, which might be true, but are not. And thus the mind is continually conversant with various fictions, rejecting those only which are grossly and palpably false. And here the question returns, a little changed ; Why should we love fiction, merely because it resembles truth ? Why should we love things that have not been, merely because they may be ? The answer lies in more than one principle of human nature, but mainly, we conceive, in our strong desire of mental excitement ; a desire so powerful and so universal, as to be the great principle of action in every rank and condition in life. To those whose daily avocations bring them constantly into collision with the most sensual and degraded classes of society, this may at first seem to be a startling proposition. It is nevertheless a true one. We are too much accustomed, by certain strong and conventional modes of speech, to say of the sluggish and unenlightened man, that he has no intellect, and of the profligate, that criminal excess has destroyed his mind :

* Meredith Hanmer. Eccles. Hist. Epist. Dedicat.

for, although no one attaches their full import to such expressions, yet they have an indirect tendency to give us erroneous views. We come at last to suppose, that a certain portion of society is entirely beyond the reach of all intellectual impressions and influences. But it is not so. The mind is the noble and distinguishing attribute of man ; and, true in his allegiance to nature, mental excitement is the great end and aim of his existence. There are proofs of this, even where we should least expect to find them,—even in the grosser appetites and more degrading vices, which corrupt society. What seeks the infatuated opium-eater of the East, as he daily swallows the drug that consumes him inwardly ? The soft delirium of mental excitement. What seeks the degraded helot of strong drink, when he raises to his lips the inebriating bowl ? The frenzy,—the fierce frenzy of mental excitement. Nay, what is all the cunningly contrived epicurism of the pallid voluptuary, but the longing of a sick and morbid soul for the luxury of excitement ? All animals, save only man, follow the laws of nature, without seeking to improve or to refine them. But man must spiritualize them by a gloss,—by a voluptuous commentary. For him, the impulse of the present is strengthened by the memory of the past and the anticipations of the future, and desire is quickened by imagination, which casts its spell upon us, till the deformed seems beautiful, and the sensual is clothed upon with the ideal. Thus even the appetites of man administer and bear witness to the great object of his pursuit,—mental excitement.

And how much more clearly developed is the truth of our proposition, in those occupations and delights, which, from their nature, are more purely intellectual ! Wherefore did the alchemist of old consume life itself, in seeking for its Elixir ? Wherefore did the astrologer ponder upon the book of Fate, and seek to read the mysterious language of the stars ?

‘ And wherefore does the student trim his lamp,
And watch his lonely taper, when the stars
Are holding their high festival in heaven,
And worshipping around the midnight throne ?

It is for intellectual excitement. The poet seeks it in the breathing solitude of nature ; the orator in the breathless crowd ; the philosopher in the silence and retirement of his own thoughts ;—the politician in the noisy movement of the world,

the intrigues of a cabinet, and the rise and fall of states. Yes, this is the happiness for which we toil and pant, which we seek for outwardly and find inwardly. This, this is the great reservoir in the soul of man,—wide, fathomless and full,—fed by a thousand rills of thought, and feeling, and action, and pouring its collected waters into the great stream of life, as it dashes onward, onward to eternity ; even as a lake in the bosom of the mountains, which gathers its waters from the tribute of a thousand rills, and pours them down the sounding cataract into the vast exchequer of the sea !

And say ; if this be indeed true, is it not another proof of the soul's supremacy ? Is it not even a proof of the soul's immortality, to know, that, whether we will or not, all our thoughts, feelings, and actions, either directly or indirectly, tend thitherward as to a centre ? Does it not go to strengthen our cherished belief, that the soul is eternal and indestructible ? That this covering of flesh has been put on, as a garment, but for a season, to fulfil the wise purposes and providence of its Creator,—and that this world, all wonderful and glorious as it is, is but the stepping-stone from that foregone eternity, of which we are not conscious, to that coming eternity, of which we as yet know nothing, save that it shall be ? Does it not more deeply impress upon us the solemn truth, that the mind is forever busy with the great work it has to do, whether of good or ill ; and that albeit there are seasons, when the wheel of this wonderful mechanist seems to stand still, and the threads of our destiny to hang, as it were, loosely upon the spindle and the loom, yet in reality it is not so ; the wheel forever turns in the rushing stream of time, the thread spins on, the web is woven, and if there be even a seeming pause, it is only when the busy shuttle of thought is arrested for a moment, to attach the film and gossamer of dreams, and weave them into the coarser warp of our existence ?

We ask pardon of the sedate reader,—if indeed any of that class have accompanied us so far,—for this digression from the main road. Like Cutbert of Kendal, whom we have booked for immortality, as will be seen hereafter, we are ' caught in the corn ;' and we propose to extricate ourselves and our readers as expeditiously as possible, by taking this abrupt turn, and thus coming out suddenly to the guide-post, which stands on the spot we started from, when we commenced this ramble.

The three volumes of Mr. Thoms's collection contain eleven romances. Of these, three are translations from the French, and one, a translation from the German. The remainder are of English parentage, and, with a solitary exception, of English and Saxon pedigree, without a drop of Norman blood in their veins. It is our intention, in the present article, to notice more particularly the last mentioned class. The others will be but briefly noticed. We shall comment upon them, in the order in which they are printed in the volumes before us.

I. **ROBERT THE DEVIL.** The first romance contained in these volumes is 'The Lyfe of the most feerfullest and unmercifullest and myscheuous Robert the Deuyll. Emprynted in Flete-strete in the sygne of the sonne, by WYNKYN DE WORDE.' This romance describes the evil deeds committed by Robert, Duke of Normandy, in his youth; how he killed his schoolmaster; how he rode about the country of Normandy, robbing, stealing, murdering, and burning churches, abbeyes, and other holy places; how he made him a strong house in a dark, thick wilderness, where he wrought mischief 'without comparison and above all measure or natural reason;' how he killed seven hermits; how he went to Rome for the remission of his sins; how the Pope sent him to an holy hermit; how he did grievous penance; how a white horse and harness were brought to him by an angel, who commanded him to rescue and 'helpe the Romainys agenst the Ethen dogges the Sarasyns;' how he vanquished them; how his sins were forgiven; and how he married the Emperor's daughter, and lived long in virtue and honor with that noble lady; together with many other marvellous deeds of good and evil, which he did. This romance, however, cannot with much propriety be ranked among the ancient English fictions, inasmuch as it is only a translation from a French work, entitled '*La terrible et merueilleuse vie de Robert le Diable, lequel apres fut homme de bien.*' For this reason, we shall not detain our readers with a more particular account of it, but pass on to the next in order, which is entirely the growth of an English soil.

II. '**THOMAS OF READING; OR THE SIXE WORTHIE YEOMEN OF THE WEST.**' This old romance was written by Thomas Deloney, a writer of great popular fame in his day, if we may judge from an expression, used by a contemporary author, who calls him 'the great ballade-maker, chronicler of the memorable lives of the Six Yeomen of the West. Jack of

Newbury, the Gentle Craft, and such like honest men, omitted by Stowe, Hollinshed, Grafton, Hall, Froysart, and the rest of those well-deserving writers.' From this passage, he seems to have been the historian of those popular heroes of the day, whose glorious achievements are ungratefully overlooked by more classic and voluminous historians.

The romance of Thomas of Reading is the best of the old English prose romances, which have fallen into our hands. In its incidents and characters, it is wholly national; and possesses all the peculiar quaintness, humor, and pathos, which characterize the English. It recounts the 'merriments and memorable deeds' of the clothiers of the times of King Henry the First; of Thomas of Reading, and goodman Suttons of Salisbury, who set all his delight in hearing merry tales; and of Simon of Southampton, who loved pottage and 'powdered beef-broth;' and of Tom Dove, the merriest man alive; and, in fine, of all those worthy yeomen clothiers, who always at their coming towards London dined together at Colebrooke, and of whom we read, that 'being once entered into their inn, according to old custom, good cheer was provided for them; for these clothiers were the chiefest guests, that travelled along the way; and this was as sure as an act of Parliament, that Tom Dove could not digest his meat without music, so that his hostess, being a merry wench, would oftentimes call in two or three of her neighbors' wives to keep him company, where, ere they parted, *they were made as pleasant as pies.*' The fair dames of the neighborhood repaid with their smiles these courtesies of the clothiers, and 'as above the rest Tom Dove was the most pleasantest, so was he had in most reputation with the women, who for his sake made this song:

Welcome to towne, Tom Dove, Tom Dove,
The merriest man alive,
Thy company still we love, we love,
God grant thee well to thrive,
And never will we depart from thee,
For better or worse my joy,
For thou shalt still have our good will,
God's blessing on my sweet boy.'

In London, these jolly fellows had their rendezvous at the tavern of 'Oast Jarrat the Giant;' and often diced with the Northern clothiers at Bosome's inn, till 'Now, by the masse,

quoth Cole, my money shrinkes as bad as Northerne cloth.' Old Bosome, the landlord, is thus capitally sketched, with all the power and life of a wood-engraving. 'You shall understand, that alwayes when they went to dice, they got into Bosomes Inne; which was so called of his name that kept it, who being a foule slouen, went alwayes with his nose in his bosome, and one hand in his pocket, the other on his staffe, figuring forth a description of cold Winter, for he alwayes wore two coates, two caps, two or three paire of stockings, and a high paire of shooes, over the which he drew on a great paire of lined slippers, and yet would oft complaine of cold, wherefore of all men generally he was called Old Bosome, and his house Bosomes Inne.'

This inn is the scene of a love intrigue between Cutbert of Kendal and the young hostess. Old Bosome, overhearing a dialogue that passes between them, causes his men to seize upon poor Cutbert, and, having bound him hand and foot, draws him up in a basket to the ceiling of his kitchen, and then leaves him all night to enjoy his meditations and the smoke.

The next chapter of the romance showeth 'How Simon's wife of Southampton, being wholly bent to pride and pleasure, requested her husband to see London; which being granted, how she got goodwife Sutton of Salisbury to goe with her, who tooke Crab to go along with them, and how he prophesied of many things.' Accordingly gossip Sutton, and Gray's wife, and Fitzallen's wife, depart for London city in company with Simon's wife of Southampton and 'colleरिके Crabbe her man.' The merchants of London receive them with much hospitality, and when they choose to go abroad, the merchants' wives accompany them to show them 'the commodities of the city.'

'Now when they were brought into Cheap-side,' says the romance, 'there with great wonder they beheld the shops of the Goldsmiths; and on the other side the wealthy Mercers, whose shops shined with all sorts of colored silkes; in Watling-street they viewed the great number of Drapers: in Saint Martins, Shoemakers: at Saint Nicholas Church, the flesh shambles: at the end of the old Change, the Fish-mongers: in Candleweek-street, the Weavers; then came into Iewes-street, where all the Iewes did inhabite: then came they to Blackwel-hall, where the country clothiers did use to meete.

‘Afterward they proceeded, and came to St. Pauls Church, whose steeple was so hie, that it seemed to pierce the clowdes; on the top whereof, was a great and mighty Weather-cocke, of cleane silver, the which notwithstanding seemed as small as a sparrow to men’s eyes, it stood so exceeding high, the which goodly Weather-cocke was afterward stolne away, by a cunning cripple, who found means one night to clime vp to the top of the steeple, and tooke it downe: with the which, and a great summe of money which he had got together by begging in his life time, he builded a gate on the north side of the city, which to this day is called Cripple-gate.

‘From thence they went to the Tower of London, which was builded by Iulius Cæsar, who was Emperour of Rome. And there they beheld salt and wine, which had lyen there ever since the Romanes invaded this land, which was many yeares before our Saviour Christ was borne, the wine was growne so thicke, that it might have beene cut like a Jelly. And in that place also they saw the mony that was made of leather, which in ancient time went currant amongst the people.’

Immediately upon this follows a challenge between the Country Weavers and the Weavers of Candlewike-street, and the wager of a crown, to be won by him who should soonest make a yard of cloth. In this contest ‘the London Weavers triumphed against the country, *casting forth divers frumps*. Alas, poor fellowes, quoth they, your hearts are good, but your hands are ill. Tush, the fault was in their legs, quoth another, pray you friend, were you not borne at home? Why doe you aske, quoth Weasell? Because, said hee, the biggest place of your legge is next to your shooe.’

Another chapter in the romance gives an account of the murder of Thomas of Reading, by the host and hostess of Colebrooke inn. This chapter is, of course, in a more melancholy vein, than those, to which we have already referred; and in the following extract will be found some simple touches of pathos, which remind one of the old ballads. Thomas of Reading had arrived at Colebrooke, in a melancholy mood, and so heavy was his heart, that he could eat no meat;—nay, heavy beyond the power of a quart of burnt sack, which the host and hostess offered him, to cheer his mind under the presentiment of an approaching calamity.

‘And so sitting downe sadly in his chaire againe,’ continues the romance, ‘upon a sudden he burst forth a weeping; they demanding the cause thereof, he spake as followeth:

‘ No cause of these feares I know : but it comes now into my minde (said Cole,) when I set toward this my last iourney to London, how my daughter tooke on, what a coyle she kept to have me stay, and I could not be rid of the little baggage a long time, she did so hang about me ; when her mother by violence tooke her awaye, she cryed out most mainly, O my father, my father, I shall never see him againe.

‘ Alas, pretty soule, said his Oastesse, this was but meere kindnesse in the girle, and it seemeth she is very fond of you. But alas, why should you grieve at this ? you must consider that it was but childishnesse. I, it is indeed, said Cole, and with that he began to nod. Then they asked him if he would goe to bed. No, said he, although I am heavy, I have no mind to goe to bed at all. With that certaine musicians of the towne came to the chamber, and knowing Master Cole was there, drue out their instruments, and very solemnly began to play.

‘ This musicke comes very well (said Cole,) and when he had listned a while thereunto, he said, methinks these instruments sound like the ring of St. Mary Oueries bells, but the base drownes all the rest ; and in my eare it goes like a bell that rings a fore-noones knell, for Gods sake let them leave off, and beare them this simple reward. The musicians being gone, his Oast asked if now it would please him to goe to bed ; for (quoth he) it is welneere eleven of the clocke.

‘ With that Cole beholding his Oast and Oastesse earnestly, began to start backe, saying, what aile you to looke so like pale death ? good Lord, what have you done, that your hands are thus bloody ? What my hands, said his Oast ? Why, you may see they are neither bloody nor foule ; either your eyes doe greatly dazell, or else fancies of a troubled mind doe delude you.

‘ Alas, my Oast, you may see, said hee, how weake my wits are, I never had my head so idle before. Come, let me drinke once more, and then I will to bed, and trouble you no longer. With that he made himselfe vnready, and his Oastesse was very diligent to warme a kerchiffe, and put it about his head. Good Lord, said he, I am not sicke, I praise God, but such an alteration I finde in myselfe as I never did before.

‘ With that the scritch-owle cried pitiously, and anon after the night-raven sate croaking hard by his window. Iesu have mercy upon me, quoth hee, what an ill-favoured cry doe yonder carion birds make, and therewithall he laid him downe in his bed, from whence he neuer rose againe.’

In the preceding remarks and quotations, we have but touched upon some of the more salient points of this pleasant

history. We have said nothing of the loves and mournful destinies of Duke Robert and Margaret with the lily-white hand, which form the chief episode in the romance; nor of the audiences of the clothiers with the King, and the sumptuous feast they gave the king's sons; nor have we related how Thomas Dove, being fallen to decay, was forsaken of his friends, and despised of his servants; nor how Jarrat the Giant gave a catchpole 'such a fillop on the forehead with his finger, that he fell the poore Fleming to the ground.' All these matters, and many more of a similar kind, we are forced to leave unrehearsed, and to hurry on to another tale, with more than convenient speed.

III. 'THE FAMOUS HISTORIE OF FRYER BACON. Containing the wonderful things that he did in his Life; also the manner of his Death; with the Lives and Deaths of the two coniurors Bungye and Vandermast. Very pleasant and delightful to be read.' This ancient romance is a commentary upon one of the most common frailties of human nature. It has always been the fate of superior intellects, to be misconceived and misinterpreted by vulgar and unenlightened minds. The powerful genius, which stands in advance of its age, is at once the author and the reformer of popular error. Those who behold but cannot comprehend the glorious results, which from time to time are brought to light by the patient and persevering efforts of the human mind, are fain to attribute them to the secret agency of super-human power; and history but too faithfully records, that this power has been almost invariably the power of darkness. When John Faustus invented printing, he was called a necromancer, and his art the black art; and Roger Bacon, so justly denominated by his contemporaries the *Admirable Doctor*, was transformed by popular superstition into a necromancer and a dealer in magic. Roger Bacon the philosopher became Hodge Bacon the conjuror.

It is upon these current traditions concerning his supernatural powers, that the romance, which bears his name, is founded.* The first chapter gives an account of the birth and

* In Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, Vol. viii. there is a play founded upon the same subject, and bearing this title; 'The honorable Historie of Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay, as it was plaid by her Majesties servants. Made by Robert Greene, Maister of Arts. London, printed by Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop at the little north dore of Poules, at the signe of the Gun. 1594.'

parentage of Friar Bacon, and of his great application to books; the second, of his appearance before the king and queen, and the wonderful things which he showed them. Then we have a long account of his saving of a gentleman, who had given himself to the devil for a sum of money; of the Brazen Head which spake, and by which Friar Bacon was to have walled England round with a wall of brass, had he not been thwarted by the folly of his servant; of his taking a beleaguered town by his art, when the king had besieged it in vain for three months; and of the victory he gained in the black art over the German conjuror Vandermast, whom he caused to be carried back into Germany by a spirit. He next saves the lives of three brothers, who quarrelled about the inheritance of their father's goods and lands; then the thieves that robbed him are led a wild dance through mud and mire to the wild music of his servant Miles; and then he escapes in a wonderful manner from the sword of a German soldier, sent by Vandermast to assassinate him. Soon after we read, 'How Fryer Bacon did helpe a young man to his sweetheart, which Fryer Bungye would have married to another; and of the mirth that was at the wedding.' And here we would mention, that in every instance the magic power of Friar Bacon is exerted for good and laudable purposes, and that at sundry times he treats the devil rather cavalierly, which, considering that he draws all his supernatural power from his agency, is hardly giving him his due. The following extract is from the chapter last referred to.

'An Oxfordshire gentleman had long time loved a faire mayde, called Millisant; this love of his was as kindly received of her, as it was freely given of him, so that there wanted nothing to the finishing of their ioyes, but the consent of her father, who would not grant that she should bee his wife (though formerly he had been a means to further the match) by reason there was a knight that was a suitor to her, and did desire that hee might have her to his wife: but this knight could never get from her the least token of good will: so surely was her love fixed upon the gentleman. This knight seeing himselfe thus despised, went to Fryer Bungye, and told him his mind, and did promise him a good piece of money if he could get her for him, either by his art, or counsell.

'Bungye (being covetous) told him, that there was no better way in his mind, than to get her with her father to go take the air in a coach: and if hee could doe so, he would by his art so

direct the horses, that they should come to an old chappell, where hee would attend, and there they might secretly be married. The knight rewarded him for his counsell, and told him, that if it tooke effect, he would be more bountifull unto him, and presently went to her father, and told him of this. Hee liked well of it, and forced the poore maid to ride with them. So soone as they were in the coach, the horses ran presently to the chappell, where they found Fryer Bungye attending for them: at the sight of the church and the priest, the poore maid knew that she was betrayed, so that for grieve shee fell in a swoound: to see which her father and the knight were very much grieved, and used their best skill for her recovery.

‘In this time, her best beloved, the gentleman, did come to her fathers to visit her, but finding her not there, and hearing that shee was gone with her father and the knight, he mistrusted some foul play: and in all hast went to Fryer Bacon, and desired of him some help to recover his love againe, whom he feared was utterly lost.

‘Fryer Bacon (knowing him for a vertuous gentleman) pittied him; and to give his griefes some release, shewed him a glasse, wherein any one might see any thing done (within fifty miles space) that they desired: so soone as he looked in the glasse, hee saw his love Millisant with her father, and the knight, ready to be married by Fryer Bungye: at the sight of this hee cryed out that he was undone, for now should he lose his life in losing of his love. Fryer Bacon bids him take comfort, for he would prevent the marriage; so taking this gentleman in his armes, he set himselfe down in an enchanted chaire, and suddenly they were carried through the ayre to the chappell. Just as they came in, Fryer Bungye was ioyning their hands to marry them: but Fryer Bacon spoyled his speech, for he strucke him dumbe, so that he could not speake a worde. Then raised he a myst in the chappell, so that neither the father could see his daughter, nor the daughter her father, nor the knight either of them. Then tooke he Millisant by the hand, and led her to the man she most desired: they both wept for ioy, that they so happily once more had met, and kindly thanked Fryer Bacon.

‘It greatly pleased Fryer Bacon to see the passion of these two lovers, and seeing them both contented, he married them at the chappell doore, whilst her father, the knight, and Fryer Bungye went groping within, and could not find the way out. Now when he had married them, he bid them get lodging at the next village, and he would send his man with money: (for the gentleman was not stored, and he had a great way to his house) they did as he bad them. That night hee sent his man Miles with

money to them ; but he kept her father, the knight, and Fryer Bungey till the next day at noon in the chappell, ere he released them.

‘ The gentleman and his new married wife made that night a great supper for ioy of their marriage, and bid to it most of the village : they wanted nothing but musicke, for which they made great moane. This want, Fryer Bacon (though he was absent) supplied : for after supper there came such a maske, that the like was never seene in that village : for first, there was heard most sweet still musicke, then wind musicke : then came three apes, and three monkeys, each of them carrying a torch : after them followed sixe apes and monkeys more, all dressed in anticke coats : these last sixe fell a dancing in such an odde manner, that they moved all the beholders to much laughter : so after divers antick changes, they did reverence to the bridegroome and bride, and so departed in order as they came in. They all did marvell from whence these should come : but the bridegroome knew that it was Fryer Bacons art that gave them this grace to their wedding. The next daye he went home to his owne house with his bride : and for the cost he had bestowed on them, most part of the townes-folke brought them on their way.

‘ Miles made one amongst them too ; he for his masters sake was so plyed with cups, that he in three dayes was scarce sober : for his welcome, at his departure he gave them this song : to the tune of, “ I have been a fiddler,” ’ &c.

And did not you heare of a mirth that befell,
the morrow after a wedding day :
At carrying a bride at home to dwell,
and away to Twiver, away, away ?

There was ne’er a lad in all the parish,
that would goe to the plow that day :
But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,
and away to Twiver, away, away.

The butler was quicke, and the ale he did tap,
the maidens did make the chamber full gay :
The serving-men gave me a fuddling cap,
and I did carye it away, away.

The smithe of the towne his liquor so tooke,
that he was perswaded the ground look’d blue,
And I dare boldly to sweare on a booke,
such smiths as he there are but a few.

A posset was made, and the women did sip,
and simpering said they could eate no more :
Full many a maid was laid on the lip :
He say no more, but so give o’er.’

Before concluding our remarks upon this wonderful tale of magic, we shall give one more extract. It is from a chapter, which bears this title ; ‘ How Vandermast and Fryer Bungye met, and how they strived who should excel one another in their coniurations ; and of their deaths.’

‘ Vandermast desiring to do Fryer Bungye a mischief, did challenge him to the field (not to fight at sword and dagger, single rapier, or case of poyyards, but at worsere weapons farre, it was at that diabolical art of magicke) there to shew which of them was most cunning, or had most power over the Devill : Bungye accepted of his challenge, and both provided themselves of things belonging to the art, and to the field they went.

‘ There they both spread their circles some hundred foot from one another : and after some other ceremonies did Vandermast begin : hee by his charmes did raise up a fiery dragon, which did runne about Fryer Bungyes circle, and did scorch him with his heat so that he was almost ready to melt. Fryer Bungye tormented Vandermast in another element : for he raised up the sea-monster that Perseus killed, when he did redeem the faire Andromeda. This sea-monster did run about Vandermast, and such floods of water did he send out of his wide mouth, that Vandermast was almost drowned. Then did Fryer Bungye raise a spirit up like saint George, who fought with the dragon, and killed it : Vandermast (following his example) rayseed up Perseus, who fought also with his sea-monster, and killed it, so were they both released from their danger.

‘ They being not contented with this tryall of their skill, went further in their coniurations, and raised up two spirits, each of them one. Bungye charged his spirit for to assist him with the greatest power hee had, that by it he might be able to overcome Vandermast. The Devill told him he would, if that he from his left arme would give him but three drops of blood : but if that he did deny him that, then should Vandermast have power over him to doe what he would : the like told Vandermasts Devill to him : to this demand of the spirits, they both agreed, thinking for to overcome each other ; but the Devill overthrew them both.

‘ They having given the Devil this blood, as is before spoken of, they both fell againe to their coniurations : first, Bungye did rayse Achilles with his Greekes, who marched about Vandermast and threatened him. Then Vandermast raised Hector with his Troians, who defended him from Achilles and the Greekes. Then began there a great battell between the Greekes and Troians, which continued a good space : at last Hector was slaine, and the Troians fled. Then did follow a great tempest,

with thundring and lightning, so that the two coniuers wished that they had been away. But wishes were in vaine: for now the time was come, that the Devill would be paid for the knowledge that he had lent them, he would not tarry any longer, but then tooke them in the height of their wickedness, and bereft them of their lives.

‘When the tempest was ended, (which did greatly affright the townes there by) the townesmen found the bodies of these two men, (Vandermast and Bungey) breathlesse, and strangely burnt with fire. The one had Christian buriall, because of his order sake: the other, because he was a stranger. Thus was the end of these two famous coniuers.’

After this we are told that Miles broke his leg for fear, in conjuring for money, and that Friar Bacon broke his magic glass for grief, then burned his books of magic, gave himself entirely to the study of divinity, and turned anchorite, living in a cell, which he caused to be made in the church-wall. ‘Thus lived he some two yeeres space in that cell, never coming forth: his meat and drink he received in at a window, and at that window he did discourse with those that came to him; his grave he digged with his owne nayles, and was laid there when he dyed. Thus was the Life and Death of this famous Fryer, who lived most part of his life a Magician, and dyed a true Penitent Sinner, and an Anchorite.’

IV. ‘THE HISTORIE OF FRIER RUSH; How he came to a House of Religion to seeke service, and being entertained by the Priour, was first made under-cooke. Being full of pleasant mirth and delight for young people.’ This romance transports us to the fairy land, and the merry company of Oberon, and Puck, and Friar Rush and Robin Goodfellow, and the outlandish hobgoblins Tomtegubbe, and Nisse the good knave.

‘Upon a mushroome’s head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet, which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups fill’d to the brink.

‘The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsie;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile;

And if the moon doth hide her head,
The gloe-worm lights us home to bed.'

We do not mean by this, that all the elfin-company are introduced in the machinery of the romance, but that the mad pranks of Friar Rush call up the memory of his fellow mischief-makers. Of all the superstitions, which we have inherited from our Saxon ancestors, that of goblins and fairies is the most general and agreeable. It prevails, or has prevailed, in England, Scotland and Ireland, in the father-land, and in all the North. Who has not been delighted with the goblin deeds of Robin Goodfellow? * In the words of Bruno Seidelius, *Quis non legit, quid Frater Rauschius egit?*

* Among the finest of the old English Ballads, is that of Robin Goodfellow. It is printed in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 255, American edition; and as it may not be familiar to some of our readers, we here subjoin it.

FROM Oberon, in fairye land,
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.
What revell rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry bee,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!
More swift than lightening can I flye
About this aery welkin soone,
And, in a minute's space, descrye
Each thing that's done belowe the moone,
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, ware Goblins! where I go;
But Robin I
Their feates will spy,
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!
Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home;
With counterfeiting voice I greete,
And call them on, with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or else, unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke
To play some trick
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!
Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes, an ox, sometimes, a hound;

In the commencement of this romance, we are told how Rush, being sent by the Devil, entered into the service of a cloister 'edified beyond the sea,' the monks whereof were

And to a horse I turn me can ;
To trip and trot about them round.
But if, to ride,
My backe they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
Ore hedge and lands,
Thro' pools and ponds
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho !
When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine ;
Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine ;
And, to make sport,
I shout and snort ;
And out the candles I do blow :
The maids I kiss ;
They shrieke—who's this ?
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho !
Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll ;
And while they sleep, and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still ;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
If any 'wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho !
When house or harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue ;
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.
'Twixt sleep and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw.
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho !
When any need to borrowe ought,
We lend them what they do require :
And for the use demand we nought ;
Our owne is all we do desire.
If to repay,
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night,
I them affright
With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho !

lewd and licentious, 'for oftentimes they said ncither Mattins nor Evensong; and through their great negligence they forgat cleane the charge that they were bound to, when they entered into their religion, and they lived more like beasts without reason, than like men of good and holy conversation.' Here he is made under-cook, and *maquereau* withal. He soon contrives to pitch the master-cook into a kettle of water upon the fire, and being invested with his functions, jeopardizes the souls of the brotherhood, by putting bacon into their pot-

When lazie queans have nought to do,
 But study how to cog and lye;
 To make debate and mischief too,
 'Twixt one another secretlye:
 I marke their gloze,
 And it disclose,
 To them whom they have wronged so;
 When I have done,
 I get me gone,
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engins set
 In loop holes, where the vermine creepe,
 Who from their foldes and houses, get
 Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe:
 I spy the gin,
 And enter in,
 And seeme a vermine taken so;
 But when they there
 Approach me neare,
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
 And to our fairye king and queen
 We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
 When larks 'gin sing,
 Away we fling;
 And babes new borne steal as we go,
 And elfe in bed
 We leave instead,
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
 Thus nightly revell'd to and fro:
 And for my pranks men call me by
 The name of Robin Good-fellow.
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
 Who haunt the nights,
 The hags and goblins do me know;
 And beldames old
 My feates have told;
 So *Vale, Vale*; ho, ho, ho!

tage-pot on Fridays and other meagre days. In this capacity he passed seven years; at the end of which time he took the habit of the brotherhood, and became *Friar Rush*. He then worked more mischief than ever in the convent, causing many a brawl and contention among the friars, and much noise and disturbance in the neighborhood.

At length he is discovered to be an evil spirit by a poor farmer, who passed the night in a hollow tree, around which the head devils held a midnight *symposium*. The following is the farmer's account of the matter.

‘As soone as the day began to appeare the poor Farmer arose out of the tree, and tooke his way streight to the Priour, and he would never rest till he had spoken with him; and when he was come to his speech, anon he saide: Sir, this night hath fortuneted to me a great adventure: how so saide the Priour? sir, yesternight late in the evening, I walked forth in the fields to seeke a cowe which I have missed this foure or five dayes, and so long I wandered abroad, till at the last I found the one half of my cowe, but the other halfe was gone; and as I would have returned home againe, I was benighted, so sore that I lost my waye: then I wist not whether to goe, but spying a hollowe tree, I sate me downe, thinking there to take my rest till the day appered againe: and I had not sitten there but a while, but instantly there was assembled a great company of Devills, which made a marvailous great noise, whereof I was sore afrayed. They had among them a great master named Lucifer, who called all the rest to make a reckoning of all their service they had done since they departed out of hell: there I heard many marvailous tales. At the last, forth came Frier Rush, then saide the great master Lucifer unto him, Rush, what hast thou done since thou departed out of hell? and he answered, that he had ruled you, and all your convent, and caused you to chide and fight, and were never in unitie and peace among yourselves: and he saide he had caused you to live viciously, and yet he saide he would doe more ere hee departed out of this place, for he will cause you to kill each other, and then you should be damned in hell, both bodie and soule. And so evrie Devill departed and went about their business. Wherefore take heede, for he is a verie Devill.’

The romance concludes with the incarceration of poor Rush in an old castle that stood far within the forest, he being ordered to go thither, ‘and never more to come out, but to re-

maine there forever.' And thus ends the first volume of this collection.

V. 'VIRGILIUS. This Boke treateth of the Life of Virgilius; and of his deth, and many marvayles that he dyd in hys lyfe tyme by whychcrafte and nygramancye thorowgh the helpe of the devyls of hell.'

Such is the title of the first romance of the second volume. It affords another proof of the misconceptions, to which genius is exposed; for here we have an ancient poet dragged from his grave, and exhibited to the world as a necromancer. The work is certainly a very curious one, but as it is a translation from the French, we shall notice it very briefly. In the first chapter, Remus jumps over the walls of Rome, and is slain by his brother Romulus, in accordance with the old tradition. Then the son of Remus kills his uncle Romulus, according to the *lex talionis* made and provided for such emergencies, in all the old romances. Immediately after this,—sad anachronism!—Virgil is ushered into the world, and his birth announced by an earthquake. He is soon sent to school; and rambling about the fields, on a holiday, he enters a deep cavern, where he finds a devil in a hole under a little board, held prisoner there by enchantment. This evil spirit begs Virgil to raise the board and release him, and in recompense promises to give him many books of magic, and to teach him the whole science of necromancy. The books are straightway produced, 'and than Virgilius pulled open a boarde, and there was a lytele hole, and therat wrange the deuyll out like a yeel, and cam and stode by fore Virgilius lyke a bigge man.' The spirit then consents to creep into the hole againe, merely to show that he can do it: and when he is in, Virgil covers him over with the board againe, thereby showing *qu'il en sait plus que le diable*. He then commences the practice of the black art upon a large scale; he makes a besieging army stand still upon their scaling-ladders, 'one fote uppe, and another downe;' he makes a copper horse, with a copper man upon his back, holding in his hand an iron flail, who patrols the streets of the city by night, and slays all who are found abroad after the ringing of a bell at ten o'clock; he lights the city of Rome with a perpetual lamp; he builds a bridge in the air, and brings thereupon the Sultan's daughter from Babylon to Rome; then 'he thought in his mynde, howe hee myght mareye hyr,

and thoughte in his mynde to founde in the myddes of the see a fayer towne with great landes belonging to it ; and so he dyd by his cunnyng, and called it Napells : and the foundacyon of it was of egges ; and in that towne of Napells he made a tower with iiij. corners, and in the toppe he set a napyll upon a yron yarde, and no man culde pull away that apell without he brake it : and thorowghe that yron set he a botel, and on that botel set he an egge ; and he henge the apell by the stauke upon a cheyne, and so hangyth it styll. And whenne the egge styrreth so should the towne of Napells quake, and when the egge brake than should the towne synke.'—*Apple, an apple, a napple, napple, Naples !* a curious etymology of the name of that fair city ! The romance afterwards relates, that Virgil studied how he might make himself young again ; and caused himself to be cut in pieces by his servant, and salted down in a barrel, where he remains to this day. And ' thus endethe the lyfe of Virgilius, with many dyers consaytes that he dyd.'

VI. 'THE NOBLE BIRTH AND GALLANT ATCHIEVEMENTS OF THAT REMARKABLE OUTLAW ROBIN HOOD. Together with a true account of the many merry and extravagant exploits he played, in twelve several stories.' The tales composing this romance, are nothing more than a bare and unskilful prose version of as many fine old ballads. Their titles are as follows : The Noble Parentage of Robin Hood ; Robin Hood's Delight ; Robin Hood and the fifteen Foresters ; Robin Hood and the Tanner ; Robin Hood and the Butcher ; Robin Hood and the Beggar ; Robin Hood and the Stranger ; Robin Hood and the Bishop ; Robin Hood and Queen Catherine ; Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar ; Robin Hood and the Fisherman ; Robin Hood's Chase. With all these tales, the ballads above alluded to have rendered us familiar. Their translation from poetry to prose has by no means enhanced their beauty ; and still, the adventures of the merry outlaw of Sherwood forest, of Scarlet and Little John, and ' his hundred tall men in gowns of green,' make so important a part of the old traditionary lore of England, that they are always interesting in whatever garb they may present themselves. The work is valuable, too, from its being the only prose romance of Robin Hood, that has yet been discovered.

As we have given above the titles of the several chapters of this book, it will not be necessary to analyze it. Instead thereof, we subjoin the adventure of Robin Hood with the

Curtal Friar, given in the tenth chapter, and in the note append the old ballad, which describes the same event.*

* 'In summer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were disposed to play.

Then some would leape, and some would runne,
And some would use artillery ;
"Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer for to be ?

Which of you can kill a bucke,
Or who can kill a doe ;
Or who can kill a hart of Greece
Five hundreth foot him fro ? "

[Will Scadlocke he kild a bucke,
And Midge he kild a doe ;
And Little Iohn kild a hart of Greece,
Five hundreth foot him fro.

"Gods blessing on thy heart," said Robin Hood,
"That hath such a shot for me ;
I would ride my horse a hundred miles,
To find one could match thee."

That caused Will Scadlocke to laugh,
He laught full heartily :

"There lives a curtall fryer in Fountaines Abbey
Will beate both him and thee.

The curtall fryer in Fountaines Abbey
Well can a strong bow draw,
He will beat you and your yeomèn,
Set them all on a row."

Robin Hood he tooke a solemne oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eate nor drinke,
'Till the fryer he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harnesse good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weele.

He tooke his bow into his hand,
It was made of a trusty tree,
With a sheafe of arrowes at his belt,
And to Fountaine Dale went he.

And comming unto Fountaine Dale,
No farther he would ride ;

‘ And having prepared himself for his journey, he took Little John and fifty of his best archers with him, whom he bestowed in a convenient place, as he himself thought fitting. This being done, he run down into the dale, where he found the Curtall

There he was aware of the curtall fryer,
Walking by the water side.

The fryer had on a harnessse good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weele.

Robin Hood lighted off his horse,
And tyed him to a thorne :
“ Carry me over the water, thou curtall fryer,
Or else thy life’s forlorne.”

The fryer tooke Robin Hood on his backe,
Deepe water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt Robin offe the fryers backe ;
The fryer said to him againe,
“ Carry me over this water, [thou] fine fellow,
Or it shall breed thy paine.”

Robin Hood took the fryer on his backe,
Deepe water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt the fryer off Robin Hoods backe,
Robin Hood said to him againe,
“ Carry me over this water, thou curtall fryer,
Or it shall breede thy pain.”

The fryer tooke Robin on’s back againe,
And stept in to the knee.
“ Till he came at the middle streamc,
Neither good nor bad spake he,
And comming to the middle streamc,
There he threw Robin in :
“ And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim.”

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broome,
The fryer to a wigger wand ;
Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,
And took his bow in his hand.

One of his best arrowes under his belt
To the fryer he let fly ;
The curtall fryer with his steele bucklèr
Did put that arrow by.

Fryer walking by the water side. He no sooner espyed him, but presently he took unto him his broad sword and buckler, and put on his head a steel bonnet. The Frier not knowing who he was, or for what intent he came, did presently arm him-

"Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot as thou hast begun,
If thou shoot here a summers day,
Thy marke I will not shun."

Robin Hood shot passing well,
'Till his arrows all were gane ;
They tooke their swords and steel bucklers,
They fought with might and maine,

From ten o'th' clock that [very] day,
'Till four i' th' afternoon ;
Then Robin Hood came to his knees,
Of the fryer to beg a boone.

"A boone, a boone, thou curtall fryer,
I beg it on my knee ;
Give me leave to set my horne to my mouth,
And to blow blasts three."

"That I will do," said the curtall fryer,
"Of thy blasts I have no doubt ;
I hope thoult blow so passing well,
'Till both thy eyes fall out."

Robin Hood set his horne to his mouth,
He blew out blasts three ;
Halfe a hundreth yeomen, with bowes bent,
Came raking over the lee.

"Whose men are these," said the fryer,
"That come so hastily?"
"Those [men] are mine," said Robin Hood ;
"Fryer, what is that to thee?"

"A boone, a boone," said the curtall fryer,
"The like I gave to thee ;
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth
And to whute whues three."

"That will I doe," said Robin Hood,
Or else I were to blame ;
Three whues in a fryers fist
Would make me glad and faine."

The fryer set his fist to his mouth,
And whuted whues three :
Half a hundred good band-dogs
Came running over the lee.

"Here's for every man a dog,
And I myselfe for thee."

self to encounter with him. Robin Hood, coming near unto him, alighted from his horse, which he tyed to a thorn that grew hard by, and looking wistly on the Friar, said unto him, carry me over the water thou Curtal Friar, or else thy life lyes at the stake. The Friar made no more ado, but took up Robin Hood, and carried him on his back (the story saith) deep water he did stride, he spake not so much as one word to him, but having

“Nay, by my faith,” said Robin Hood,

“Fryer, that may not be.”

Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did goe,

The one behind, the other before,

Robin Hoods mantle of Lincolne greene

Off from his backe they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,

Or they shot north or south,

The curtall dogs, so taught they were,

They kept [the] arrows in their mouth.

“Take up thy dogs,” said Little John,

“Fryer, at my bidding be.”

“Whose man art thou,” said the curtall fryer,

“Comes here to prate with me?”

“I am little John, Robin Hoods man,

Fryer, I will not lie ;

If thou take not up thy dogs soone,

I’le take up them and thee.”

Little John had a bow in his hand,

He shot with might and main ;

Soön halfe a score of the fryers dogs

Lay dead upon the plain.

“Hold thy hand, good fellow,” said the curtall fryer,

“Thy master and I will agree ;

And we will have new orders taken,

With all the hast may be.”

“If thou wilt forsake fair Fountaines dale,

And Fountaines Abbey free,

Every Sunday throwout the yeere,

A noble shall be thy fee :

And every holliday through the yeere,

Changed shall thy garment be,

If thou wilt goe to faire Nottingham,

And there remaine with me.”

This curtall fryer had kept Fountaines dale

Seven long yeeres and more,

There was neither knight, lord, nor earle,

Could make him yeeld before.’

carried him over, he gently laid him down on the side of the bank : which being done the Fryer said to Robin Hood, It is now my turn : therefore carry me over the water thou bold fellow, or be sure I shall make thee to repent it. Robin Hood to requite the courtesie, took the Fryer on his back, and not speaking the least word to him, carried him over the water and laid him gently down on the side of the bank ; and turning to him, he spake thus unto him as at first, and bade him carry him over the water once more, or he should answer it with the forfeit of his life. The Fryer in a smiling murmur took him up, and spake not a word till he came in the midst of the stream, where being up to the middle and higher, he did shake him from off his shoulders, and said unto him, Now chuse thee, bold fellow, whether thou wilt sink or swim. Robin Hood being soundly washed, gat up on his feet, and prostrating himself on the water, did swim to a bush of broom on the other side of the bank ; the Fryer swam to a willow tree, which was not far from it : Robin Hood taking his bow in his hand, and one of his best arrows, did shoot at the Fryer, which the Fryer received in his buckler of steel, and said unto him, shoot on, shoot on thou bould fellow, if thou shootest at me a whole summers day I will stand thy mark still. That will I try, said Robin Hood, and shot arrow after arrow at him, until he had not one arrow left in his quiver. He then laid down his bow, and drew out his sword, which but two days before had been the death of three men. Now hand to hand they meet with sword and buckler ; the steel buckler defends whatsoever blow is given : sometimes they make at the head, sometimes at the foot, sometimes at the side, sometimes they strike directly down, sometimes they falsifie their blows, and come in foot and arm with a full thrust at the body ; and being ashamed that so long they exercised their unprofitable valour, and cannot hurt one another, they multiply their blows, they hack, they hewe, they slash, they fome. At last Robin Hood desired the Fryer to hold his hand, and to give him leave to blow his horn : Thou wantest breath to sound it, said the Fryer, take thee a little respite, for we have been five hours at it by Fountain Abby-clock. Robin Hood took his horn from his side, and having sounded it three times, behold where fifty lusty men, with their bended bows, came to his assistance. The Fryer wondring at it : Whose men, said he, be these ? They are mine, said Robin Hood, what is that to thee ? False loon, said the Fryer, and making a little pause he desired Robin Hood to return him the same courtesie which he gave him. What is that ? said Robin Hood ; thou soundest thy horn, said the Fryer, three times, let me now but whistle three times. I with all my heart, said Robin Hood, I

were to blame if I should deny thee that courtesie. With that the Fryer set his fist to his mouth, and whistled three times so thrilly, that the place echoed again with it, and behold three and fifty fair ban-dogs (their hairs rising on their back, betokening their rage) were almost on the backs of Robin Hood and his companions. Here is for every one of thy men a dog, said the Fryer, and two for thee : That is foul play, said Robin Hood. He had scarce spoken that word, but two dogs came upon him at once, one before, another behind him, who although they could not touch his flesh, (his sword had made so swift a dispatch of them) yet they tore his coat in two pieces. By this time his men had so laid about them, that the dogs began to flye back, and their fury to languish into barking. Little John did so bestir himself, that the Curtal Fryer admiring at his courage and his nimbleness, did ask him who he was : He made him answer, I will tell the truth and not lye ; I am he who is called Little John, and do belong to Robin Hood, who hath fought with thee this day, five hours together, and if thou wilt not submit unto him this arrow shall make thee.'

The romance gives no account of the death of its hero ; but a life of Robin Hood, printed as an appendix to the romance, and evidently of a much earlier date, informs us that, falling sick, he suffered himself to be bled by the prioress of Kyrkesly, who took revenge upon him as an enemy to religion, by letting him bleed to death. This account nearly coincides with that given in the ballad of his death and burial, which tells us how he hied

‘ To the green wood,
And there he was taken ill.
And he sent for a monk to let him blood,
Who took his life away ;
Now this being done, his archers did run,
It was not time to stay.”

VII. ‘THE HISTORY OF GEORGE A GREEN, PINDAR OF THE TOWN OF WAKEFIELD. His birth, calling, valor, and reputation in the country. With divers pleasant, as well as serious passages in the course of his life and fortune.’ Like Thomas of Reading and Robin Hood, this romance of the Pindar, or Pound-keeper, of Wakefield is wholly the growth of the English soil. Here is another of England’s popular heroes written down immortal, and upon whose immortality the press has set its seal. The first chapter gives us, of

course, an account of his birth and parentage, and of his being sent to school, where he soon became famous for his bodily strength, and almost spoiled the schoolmaster, leaving him with a 'creek in his neck.' The description of this affair is so amusing, that we must present it to our readers. It runs as follows.

'His means now failing, by reason of his father's poverty and untimely decease, his master began to carry a more hard and severe hand over him than before ; and because he found him to be as friendless as fatherless, began too much to insult on his poverty, by chastening and beating him on the least, or, perhaps, no occasion ; all which his great spirit (though yet a child) being not able to endure, he purposed with himself, upon the next fit occasion, to put some pretty revenge or other upon his master, and so for ever after to quit the school. Opportunity being after presented to his wishes, it happened, that his master for some slight cause was wroth, calling him Cocain, and bid him prepare himself for the lash, for he must be whipped without all peradventures. George, at this terrible summons, perceiving his master's threatnings, and the rod menacing, he falls down on his knees with *quaeso praeceptor* (for he had so much Latin) in his mouth, to beg pardon, as loth upon so sudden a condemnation to go to execution ; but after many threats on the one side, and many entreaties on the other, and none present that durst interpose themselves to mediate betwixt them, George perceiving his master to be inexorable, and neither to be moved with prayers nor tears, and remembering himself of his former determination, whilst the pedagogue was calling out one to horse him, George suddenly thrust his head betwixt his master's legs, and holding them fast, and heaving with all his strength, he found he could move his heels above his own head ; so with a sudden heave he cast him off from his shoulders with such a tumbling quait, as we call a back somerset, and left him (not much considering whether his head or neck came first to the ground) lying flat upon his back, and half dead, in the midst of the school, which then stood open, and out of which he ran, with an intent and vow to himself never to come within that place after. Thus George in the marring of a scholar had almost spoiled a schoolmaster ; for the poor man, now not so cholerick as before, from threatning, began to entreat his scholars for help to get him upon his legs again, and employed others to run home, to get him some aqua vitæ, and others to lead him to his seat, sometimes complaining of pain in his head, then of a creek in his neck, then of his back, and at other times of his bones ; but his scholar George was gone, and having made so bold with his legs, purposed never more to come within his fingers.'

In the next chapter the tale steps forward some dozen years or more, and we find George A Green grown to the age of twenty, and writing himself full man. Then we are told in what manner he was elected Pindar of the town of Wakefield, and how he fell in love with Beatrice Grymes, daughter of old Mr. Grymes, Justice of the Peace and Quorum. In the mean time, the civil wars of the reign of Richard Cœur-de-Lion break out. The rebels send a messenger to the town of Wakefield, demanding supplies ; which messenger George A Green forces to devour the seals of his own commission. He next catches a spy, whom he hangs in a sack to the branch of a tree ; and here it may not be out of place to mention, that this idea, of suspending people between heaven and earth, either in a basket or a sack, seems to have been a very popular one with all the old romance writers. It is found in the *Fabliaux* of the Norman *Trouvères*, in the *Lieder* of the German *Minnesingers*, and not only in the romance now under consideration, but in Friar Rush, and Virgilius. It is, however, omitted in the play of George A Green,* which follows the romance in most of its incidents. After this ‘witty conceit,’ as the author terms it, we are regaled with a bout at quarter-staff between George A Green and Robin Hood, and a bout at pulling caps between Beatrice Grymes and Maid Mariana. These and similar incidents lead the reader pleasantly through the twelve chapters of the romance. From the last of these we shall make an extract descriptive of an old usage among the ‘gentle craft.’

‘There is a town not far from Wakefield, which is called Bradstead, where shooe-makers, by long tradition, have observ’d a custom, that no person shall walk thro’ the town with his staff upon his shoulders, unless he will have a bout or two with some one or other of the gentle craft : but if he trail’d it after him, he might pass peaceably without any trouble or molestation ; for there was none would say so much as, black was his eye. It so happen’d that the king’s way, with Leicester’s and Cuddy’s happen’d to lie thro’ this town, who being disguised like country yeomen ; and it seems not well acquainted with the custom, like honest plain travellers, (as the use was then) walk’d boldly with their staves upon their necks ; which being espied by the trade of

* A Pleasant conceyted Comedie of George A Green the Pinner of Wakefield.’ See Dodsley’s Old Plays, Vol. III.

shoos-makers, three stout fellows of them, with every one a good staff in his hand stepp'd out of their shops, and beat their's from their shoulders. The king having had genteel entertainment in all other places, wonder'd at such rudeness, and gently demanded of them the reason of that violence then offer'd them. They answer'd him again, "that it was a privilege they had, which they had observed time out of mind. Their fathers had kept it, and they would leave it hereditary to their successors." They demanded of them, whether they had any such patent from the king, who answer'd again, "they did not stand upon patents, neither knew they any law for it, saving staff-ends-law; and that all their fraternity were ready to maintain it with down-right blows, and there forbid them peremptorily to handle their staves, for there was no other way to save them from a present and sower banging." The king told them, "they were peaceable men, and rather than to break their custom, or to enter into unnecessary quarrel, they would drag their staves after them," and so did.

'Whilst these things were debating, came George A Green disguised, with Robin Hood and his yeomen, with every one a good bat on his neck. George having told Robin what mad merry custom the jolly shoemakers maintain'd, and bringing him that way on purpose only for sport's sake, and to try what mettle they had in them, spies the king, Leicester and Cuddy to trail their staves after them; at which sight being moved, "See, Robin, (saith he) three lusty, able, proper fellows, that dare not advance their staves for fear of the shoe-makers." Then asking Robin Hood, what he thought of them? He answer'd, "That he took them to be base cowardly fellows, and that it was pity such goodly shapes should cover such timorous and degenerate spirits, very cowards." So, saith George, I'll presently correct them, and coming up close to them, he first began to upbraid them with their fear and cowardize, and afterwards concluded, that if they did not presently raise their staves, and bear them up, mauge any that durst to interpose, he himself would cudgel them more soundly, than the townsmen were able to do: Had they express'd themselves to be valiant men, they should have been excused. The king answer'd, "I was never put to so hard a choice, as to be beaten, fight or fight not; and so desired to be excused, since they were travellers, men of peace, and altogether unacquainted with any such hard customs. His words were scarce ended, when out came a crew of shoe-makers, every man well appointed, and told them, that even they should obey their custom, bid them down with their may-poles, and withal began to strike their staves from their necks. That was the watch-word which the Pindar and his comrades look'd for, and now began the

greatest combat that was ever seen in the street of Bradstead : for Robin and George began to clear the whole street before them, insomuch that all the town rose, masters, apprentices and journey-men : not a staff to be found, that was not used in defence of their liberty. There was nothing now thought on but havock and pall mall ; the Pindar himself seem'd to be pounded in amongst them, and many a shoe-maker was brought to his last, and many a staff was shiver'd, and made skewers : crack'd crowns went current, tho' many were found to take them against their wills : the shoos-makers themselves thought fit to give ground, who had vow'd to lose bodies and souls in the quarrel, and run to shelter themselves most shamefully. This put the king and Leicester in mind of the great conflicts betwixt them and the infidels ; for even here no christian could find favour or mercy during this battle, and the victory was still doubtful ; for what the gentle craft wanted in strength, they had in number ; yet neither party were heard to sound a retreat, till at length the Pindar's disguise falling off in the battle, he was no sooner discover'd and known, but the shoe-makers cry'd, *Trail* ; they flung down their staves, and cast up their caps, and bid them welcome to the merry town of Bradstead with a loud shout. No man thought more of his hurt, for the joy they had to see the Pindar ; for as the Trojans thought such more honour'd than harm'd that were hurt by the hand of Achilles, so amongst them it was held rather a dignity than a disparagement to wear any honourable scar made by the hand of the Pindar. George having breathed himself a little, thank'd them for their lives, and presently commanded a barrel of the best and strongest ale should be brought and set in the streets, which was instantly done, and paid for. Then George entreating them, as they tender'd him, to bid his friends welcome, they then came about him like gnats : but when George had told them who they were, namely, Robin Hood and his bold yeomen, who had travell'd as far as from the forest of Sheerwood to prove what mettle was in their fraternity, this was as good as a plaister to every man's broken head ; for, with a joint acclamation, they gave them a loud and hearty welcome. All this the king observing, and perceiving the two prime men to be there present whom he had such a great desire to see, call'd to Cuddy, and bid him provide him the royal habit, which he had caused to be brought, in case of any needful occasion. In the mean time, the champions being all placed in the midst of the streets, and beleaguered on all sides, the Pindar call'd for a deep wayssel-bowl, and filling it brime full, and falling down upon his knees, all the rest doing the like, he said, " Here, Robin Hood, I drink an health, to good king Richard, and thou being the best

man in the company, shalt first pledge it. That done, let it go round amongst the shooe-makers :” but casting his eye aside, continued, “only I except from this health those cowardly travellers, who are unworthy to drink so brave and valiant a prince’s health, who for fear durst not carry their staves upon their shoulders.” Off went the health with a great shout, and was fill’d for Robin, which he had no sooner drunk, but the king casting a princely mantle about himself, and Leicester and Cuddy plucking off their disguised habits, stept in amongst them, and said, “Nay, Robin Hood, tho’ you were of late held to be the best man in the company, yet, by the Pindar’s good leave, give king Richard licence to be the third man at least to drink his own health.” These words, graced with his majestical habit and countenance, much astonish’d them on a sudden, but especially the shoo-makers, who made no question, than that they were all no better than food for the gallows.’

And thus we take leave of George A Green, a hero who was famous in his life, and who, after his death, received the apotheosis of more than one tavern sign.*

VIII. The second volume of this collection closes with the romance of Tom A Lincolne, the Red Rose Knight. This is one of the later romances of Chivalry ; but as the scene lies for the most part in foreign lands, and there is nothing peculiarly English in its character, it hardly comes within the scope of this article. This will appear evident from the title-page, which gives a pretty full account of the contents of the book, and which runs thus ; ‘The Most Pleasant History of Tom A Lincolne, that renowned soldier, the Red Rose Knight, who for his valor and chivalry was surnamed the Boast of England. Showing his Honourable Victories in Forraine Countries, with his strange Fortunes in the *Fayrie Land* ; and how he married the fair *Anglitora*, daughter to Prester John, that renowned Monarke of the World. Together with the Lives and Deaths of his two famous Sons, the *Blacke Knight*, and the *Fayrie Knight*, with divers other memorable accidents, full of delight.’

* It is said that his figure still adorns a sign in Gray’s-Inn Lane, London ; and that it once graced another, appears evident from the following learned doggerel.

‘Veni Wakefield peramoenum,
Ubi querens Georgium Greenum,
Non inveni, sed in lignum
Fixum reperi Georgii signum,
Ubi *allam* bibi feram
Donec Georgio fortior eram.’

IX. The third and last volume commences with 'The Knight of the Swan,' another romance of Chivalry, written by Robert Copland, who, to use his own words, did 'reduce and translate it into our maternal and vulgar English tonge, after the capacite and rudeness of his weak entendement.' Instead of analyzing the book, we must content ourselves with giving the title-page, which is as follows. 'The Knight of the Swanne. Here beginneth the History of the noble Helyas Knight of the Swanne, newly translated out of Frenshe in to Englysshe at thinstigation of the puyssant and illustrious Prynce Lorde Edwarde duke of Buckingham.'

X. 'THE HISTORY OF THE DAMNABLE LIFE AND DESERVED DEATH OF DR. JOHN FAUSTUS. This romance is a translation from the German. It is filled 'up to the blue,' with magic and supernatural horrors, and acquires new interest from the fact, that it embodies the same old German tradition, upon which Goethe founded his wild drama of *Faust*. Faustus is first introduced as a student in the University of Wittenburg, where he is made Doctor of Divinity, but soon after gives himself up entirely to the study of the Black Art. He makes a compact with the devil, by which the latter is to serve him in all his desires for the space of twenty-four years, at the expiration of which he is to deliver himself up, body and soul, to the destroyer. This compact is written with his own blood, and straightway Mephistophiles becomes his familiar spirit. Generally speaking, this spirit is obedient to the wishes of Faustus, but when the Doctor puts an improper question, or does or tries to do a good action, Mephistophiles dragoons him into propriety by a rabble rout of imps, or frightens him with a cock-and-bull story about the other world, giving him a foretaste of the pleasant pastime of being 'tossed upon pitchforks from one devil to another.' On one occasion, in particular, a great procession of evil spirits came to torment him, in which procession Lucifer appears 'in a manner of a man all hairy, but of brown colour like a squirrel, curled, and his tail turning upwards on his back as the squirrels use. *I think he could crack nuts too like a squirrel.*' Then a minute account is given of Faustus's journey to hell, and through the air, and among the planets, and afterwards through the most famous kingdoms of the earth, whereby it appears, that he, and not Columbus, was the first discoverer of America. Of course the magic Doctor was deeply read in all mysteries,

and he certainly discourses wisely upon comets and falling stars, and other marvels of nature. One chapter relates 'How Faustus was asked a question concerning Thunder.' His answer is certainly very luminous for a Doctor in Divinity and the Black Art. 'It hath been commonly seen heretofore,' says he, 'that before a thunder-clap fell a shower of rain, or a gale of wind : for commonly after wind falleth rain, and after rain a thunder-clap, such thickness come to pass when the four winds meet together in the heavens, the airy clouds are by force beaten against the fixed chrystal firmament, but when the airy clouds meet with the firmament, they are congealed, and so strike, and rush against the firmament, as great pieces of ice when they meet on the waters ; then each other sounded in our ears, and that we call thunder.' Afterwards comes a series of the Doctor's merry conceits, showing how he practised necromancy ; how he set a pair of horns upon a knight's head ; how he transported three young dukes through the air from Wittenburg to Munich ; and how one of them fell from the magic cloak, on which they sailed through the air, and was left behind at Munich, being '*strucken into an exceeding dumps*.' We are also told how he pawned his leg to a Jew ; how he ate a load of hay ; and how he cheated a horse-jockey, and conjured the wheels from a clown's wagon, with many other wonders of a similar nature. And finally, we are informed that, at the end of the appointed time, the devil came for him between twelve and one o'clock at midnight, and after dashing his brains out against the wall, left his body in the yard, 'most monstrously torn and fearful to behold.'

XI. 'THE SECOND REPORT OF DOCTOR JOHN FAUSTUS, containing his appearances, and the deeds of Wagner. Written by an English gentleman, Student in Wittenberg, an University, in Saxony.' This is the most singular and curious of all the romances in the collection, and is in fact one of the most remarkable which we ever met with. It is in part a translation from the German and in part original, as very clearly appears from sundry passages in the work ; but it is written throughout with such a raciness, and spirit and peculiarity of style, that the reader finds something of the magic it treats of stealing over his senses, as he reads. In the first chapter, Kit Wagner, the familiar servant of Faustus, raises the spirit of his master by reading in his books of magic, thus giving us at the outset a glimpse of the Doctor's condition in the world of spirits. We

recollect an old English Christmas carol, entitled Dives and Lazarus, wherein two serpents come to bear off the rich man's soul, singing

‘ Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with me,
For you’ve a place provided in hell,
To sit upon a serpent’s knee.

But there was no serpent’s knee for Doctor Faustus. When conjured from his dread abode, he appears in a fiery car, and is crowned a king. This is their first interview. At the second, they hold a long conference together, and Faustus plays off upon Wagner some of the old tricks, which Mephistophiles had before practised upon the Doctor. Wagner now launches boldly forth as a conjuror, and in a learned discourse with the powers of darkness enrages Mephistophiles, who, violently gesticulating in reply, strikes the table with such force, that the print of his fist is seen upon it two years afterwards. Then we have a description of ‘The Tragedy of Doctor Faustus seen in the air;’ and then the lamentable death of sundry students, who imprudently read in the magic books, and conjured therefrom. In the mean time Wagner has gone to Vienna, a city, we are told, ‘every way bigger than the fair city of London,’ and, at the period of this history, besieged by the Grand Turk Ali Chan. Here the character of the romance is almost entirely changed, and it becomes transformed into a tale of chivalry. Wagner, Mephistophiles, Akercock, and Doctor Faustus enter the Austrian army as soldiers, and, on one occasion, we are told that ‘Faustus came blowing in like swash-buckler with his rapier by his side, and his hand on his poynard, swearing all the cross row over.’ These valiant allies swagger about the Turkish camp, and play many lewd pranks with Ali Chan himself. At length the ‘Duke of Austrich,’ alias the Archduke of Austria, challenges the Grand Turk to single combat, and the challenge is accepted. The Christian fights on horse-back, and the Turk upon the back of an elephant, an animal which the author thus minutely describes: ‘An elephant is well nigh as big as six oxen, gaunt and slender like a horse in the flanks, and of more swift foot than a man would think for, his fashion is like no beast in England, but the ridge of his back is like that of an horse, his feet hath five great horney toes, and a very long snout of above two yards in length, with

which he will draw, *by only snuffing up, a pretty good big lad*, and deliver him to the riders, this long trunk falls down betwixt a large pair of teeth or tushes of above an ell and a half long (as ye may commonly see at the comb-makers in London) bending like a boars, upwards, his ears wel nigh from the top to the neither tip of the hanging down above seven feet long.' The description of the combat is very spirited and amusing, far surpassing that of the combat between Orlando and the giant Ferracute in Turpin's chronicle of Charlemagne, or the combat between Amadis and Angriote in Amadis de Gaul. Indeed we have never met with a description of a single combat, in any of the romances of chivalry, which can compare with this. Although rather long, yet we cannot refrain from subjoining it, assuring the lovers of the rare and curious, that it will well repay the perusal.

'And when they were sworn that neither of them had any magick herb, charm, or incantation, whereby they might prevail in their fight on their adversary, and had solemnized the accustomed ceremonies in like matters of combate, the herauds gave their words of encounter, then with loud voyce and shril trumpets couragious blast, whilst all the people were in dead night expecting the demeanour of these renowned princes. Now we have brought you to behold these two champions, arrived thither with their brave followers, ready to prove their valiance in the face of so great a multitude. Now if you will stand aside lest their ragged spears endamage you, I will give you leave to look through the lattice, where you shall even now see the two emperors with their brave shock dress doubt betwixt their cruel encountrings. Now you may see two combatants, or but as yet champions, coming from the ends of the field, the excellent Christian Emperor with incomparable valour, visiting his horse sides with his spurs, carrying his spear in the rest with an even level, so that the thundring of the brave steed presaged the dint of the greatest thunder clap. When Ali Chan, gently galloping with his huge beast, came forward with more swift pace still as he drew nearer to the emperor. All this while you may behold them hastening in their course, like as you see two great waves galloping from the corners of the sea driven by contrary winds, meeting together by long randome, to make the neighbours shoars to quake and dimb'd with their boystrous carrier. The emperor being now with his greatest fury ready to fasten his launce upon his adversary, and his adversary ready to fasten his javelin on him, when the Turk sudainly stept aside, and the Emperor

thrusted his void lance in the air, (for he might easily do it) for though the elephant be but low, yet he was higher than his horse by a yard, and yet his horse was the fairest and tallest to be found in all christendom, so that needs he must lay his spear in an uneven height to break it on him. Sudainly the Turk stopt, and with his nimble beast followed the Emperor as he had fled, whereat the whole army of Turks shouted horribly, clapping their hands, and the Christian stood still in great silence, struck with just wonder of this strange Quiddity in combat, and ere the Emperor could make his stop, with a short turn, the Turk had hit him on the shoulder with his javelin, which being denyed entrance, for very anger rent itself in forty pieces, and chid in the air till they broke their necks on the ground, and had not then the horse started, the monstrous elephant had overthrown him with his rider to the earth. But then the horse incenst with ire for this injury, and his master more hotly burning with disdain and furious gall leapt, bounded, and sent out at his mouth the foamy arguments of his bitter stomach, but so fast the vile Turk followed that he had spent three long darts upon the barbed flanks of the horse, which all in vain returned to their master. The beholding Turks so eagerly persuing the stroaks with shouting, as if with a hidden sympathie their trayning had augmented the violence of the blows. At length the good emperor sorely ashamed came now to make him amends for his pretty falsery : and with great scope throwing his lance forwards just upon the Turks face, and when he was almost by him, the infidel as if he but made a sport of the fight, stept aside very deliberately thinking that he should have made him run in the like order as before, but he more cautelous marking of purpose which way he meant to decline, turned with him, and his learned horse could well do it, and indeed desire of revenge had so seated itself in his brave courageous breast, that now he even followed him as if he had been drawn with cart-ropes, the Turk seeing now he was circumvented, fetcht a pretty compass and trod a round, the elephant flying from the horse and the horse following the elephant, as you might see Seignior Prospero lead the way on Mild-end-green, in the ringles, this was a pretty sport to see the matter turn'd to a play.

‘Now the Christians having like occasion to shew their gladness, gave such an applaudite, as never was heard in any theater, laughing so effusedly that they dasht their adversaries clean out of countenance, tickling again with the long loud laughter : when they had run not passing twice about, the Turk seeing his time, conveyed himself out of the ring, and then got again on his back spending his cowardly darts upon his strong enemies armor,

and so fast he followed and so quickly the good emperor turned back again, that his horses barb of steel out sticking in his front, met just upon the outside of the right eye of the elephant, that it sticking out a foot entred in above an inch, which the horse perceiving made the rest follow into his head, up to the hilts (as to say) laying his fore feet out straight, and his hinder legs in like manner went poaking and crowded himself forward, still gathering upon the elephant, so that not so much with the horses force as the great beasts cruel pain, the elephant swaid back above a hundred foot. Now was the Emperor glad, and with both his hands lifting himself upon his stirrups, took his lance, and strook the Turk with the point full on the visard so thick and so many times, that some blood followed, with an hue and cry out of the windows of the helmet, to find the worker of his effusion: till the villain slave drawing his fine sword smote the lance very bravely in two, and casting his shield afore him, received the last stroke on the truncheon of it, which the gentle emperor with fell fury threw at him that he made him decline almost to the fall. The Turk sitting on the elephants back, could not with his semiter reach the Christian, nor he the Turk with his curtilar, so that now they sate and lookt one upon the other, and the people at them, and all at this strange coping. The good horse Grauntier by chance being gored a little under the mane betwixt the bendings of barbs with the sharp tusk on the elephant neighed with great stomach, and leasing from the beast which he had welnigh forced to the lists end, being thereto forwarded with the sharp spurs with so exceeding fury, that it was not only a marvail how the good prince could sit him so assuredly and also that he spoil'd not himself, but with more eager fury began to gallop upon the elephant again, his mouth wide open, and horrible with the salt foam which in abundance issued from his great heart: for by how much the more a thing is gentle and quiet, by so much the more being moved he is iracund and implacable. But the emperor turning his reins carryed him clean contrary to the lists end, where stood launces for the same purpose as the manner is, of which he chose the two stiffest, longest, and rudest of their stature, and came softly pacing to the Turk: who stood even there still where he was, the elephant bleeding in such abundance, that by the loss of so much blood his meekness turned into rage, and began to rise and bary, and stamp, and with an uncertain sway to move, so that with much ado the slave stayed and appeased him, then the brave emperor lifting up his vizor not only to take breath, but the more freely that his speech might have passage, he told the Turk that he had in a base cowardly manner by false fraud and unequal fight dishonored himself and endan-

gered him, for which he told him *malgrado suo* he would be gloriously revenged : and now that they had spent a good time in uncertain fortune, he had brought two lances, choose which he would, and either begin the fight anew or make an end of the old ; promising upon his honour that if he refused so to do, he would fasten one in his beast, and another in his heart. And if he dared to do that, he bad him come down on foot, and there break a staff with him. The Turk as he was an honourable souldier then presently slipt off his elephant, bravely answering that he came to conquer him in sport, and not meaning to make a purposed battail, but sith he was so presumptuous as to dare him to his face, he should soon perceive how lightly he weighed his proud words, and then skipping to him, reacht a lance out of his hand, and went 100 paces backwards, so did the emperor very joyfully, when they are come so far as they thought they might trust to their breath, holding their lances in both their hands, began to run very swiftly, and desire brought them together so fast and courageously, that their launces somewhat too malapart not suffering them to come together, hurld the Turk above seven foot off the launces length, so that not one there but thought that he had been either slain, or his wind dasht out of his belly : the prince reel'd backward above two paces, and yet fell down much astonished. The people on both sides exceedingly amazed and affrighted, especially the Turks, who sent out such a doleful Sanutus that it would have moved the stones to ruth, but the dolor of the christians was not so great, for the moving of the emperor revived their spirits much. In a cause on which the beholders safeties do depend the ill success is much feared, for it may be seen by this, that they will with a certain alacrity and sympathie seem to help or to pity as the cause requires. On a sudain the emperor lift up his head, at which the christians gave such an universal shout, as if even now they would have fray'd the mountains adjacent. The two courageous beasts, having lately heaped up red hot rancor in their disdainful stomachs, assaulted the one the other with all the weapons of nature, that it had been enough for to have delighted any one, but the horse had some small advantage by reason the elephants right eye was covered with the trailing down of the blood. By this time the emperor rose again and the one went to his horse, the other to his elephant, having first splintred their spears, and fenced so long as any vertue remained in their slaughtered launces. When each had gotten to their beasts they began to forward them, who with equal ire moved, needed no incouragement, then did the emperor coming with full scope upon the Turk, smite the elephant just upon one of the teeth, while with great rage the horse had fastened his

pike again in the jaw-bone, so that the elephant still swayed back, but neither of them being able to reach the one the other ; the excellent prince casting his golden shield before him, and drawing his glittering curtelar, leapt upon the neck of his horse, and laying one hand upon one tooth of the elephant, with the other hand upon the thonge that went cross his forehead, vaulted up, and settling his feet upon the tusks, on the head of the beast, cast up himself, and laid his sitting place where his hands were, and there he rode by a little and a little, till he might buckle with the insedent. No sooner came he within the reach of the Turk, but he smote the Turk so freely, who was ready prepared for him, that he made him decline a little, there they fought so long that the elephant driven through pain was thrust up to the lists, hereupon all the christian people shouted, in a more free manner than ever at any time before, all the while the hard mettal'd swords play'd upon each others shields, so that the glory of their rare fight was so wonderfully pleasing to the eye, and so honourable to the combatants, that if they had jested one would well have been contented to view all the long day : but the good prince was too hard for the other, for with his ready blows he urged the great slave out of his cell, and made him sit behind the arson of the saddle, and if this accident had not happen'd he had surely made him sit behind the arson of his elephants taylor. For so soon as the elephant had but touched the lists, the Christian marshals of the field came galloping and parted the combatants, holding the Turk as vanquished, whilst betwixt the contrary and adverse part there was four negatives, so that well nigh they had fallen to blows, for the case seemed to the Christian plain, to the Turk unjust. That because the beast whereon he rode went to the lists end, therefore the stopper should be blamed. Well, heraulds whose office it is to deal in such royal matters, had the discussing of it, and it was deferred to arbiters, with this condition, that if the Turk was found vanquished, he should be yielded as recreant (and miscreant he was.) So the matter was posted off whilst it never was concluded, and both the parties departed, the one to the camp, the other to the city, in no less solemn pomp than they entred accompanied into the sands, where so rare a chance fortunated betwixt so puissant emperors. And because the matter was as strange as true I have sojourned a little too long in it. But in the next inne you shall have a better refreshment or a newer choice.'

We have already spoken of the author's style as being racy and spirited ; we might have added, that at times it is also ex-

ceedingly harmonious and poetical. Thus, for example, speaking of a female, he says, 'In her silken soft hand she held a lute, *discoursing sweetly upon the solemn strings with her nimble fingers.*' And again, when speaking of the Christian and Turkish armies, he says, 'Now it had been a brave sight, to see the greatest princes of the whole world east and west, attended on by their whole forces set in array, *their gorgeous and bright armours and weapons casting up long trameles of golden shine to the heavens*, the noyse of clarions, trumpets, etc. encouraging the fainting souldier, and increasing the boldness of the resolute. There was at once in this field all the terror of the world, accompanied with all the beauty.'

But enough. We must now, though reluctantly, take leave of our theme, fearing, like the author of the last romance, 'that because the matter was strange as true, we have sojourned a little too long in it.'

ART. V.—*History of Maine.*

The History of the State of Maine ; from its first Discovery, A. D. 1602, to the Separation, A. D. 1820, inclusive.
By WILLIAM D. WILLIAMSON. Hallowell. 1832. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE author of this work has long been known to the public as a lawyer and politician of eminence ; and he has fully maintained his reputation as a historian. We rejoice that at last we have a complete history of Maine, written by one capable of doing it justice. During the fifteen years that these volumes have been in preparation, every authentic source of information has been examined, from the library of Harvard University and the Boston Athenæum, to the communication of the most unpretending correspondent. Mr. Williamson has wanted neither patience and industry in collecting facts, nor ability in relating them in the manner best fitted for the object he had in view. He has given a simple, unvarnished record of truths, many of which are of a nature to excite a lively interest, and has no where allowed his pen 'to play with figures, flowers, and phantoms in the fields of fancy.'